

VALUE OF OUR NAVAL MILITIA

They Have Won a Record for Their Coolness and Bravery.—Gallant Lads Who Have Acted Like Veteran Seamen in the War with Spain.

The gallant boys of the naval militia who are manning the auxiliary cruisers *Yankee*, *Yosemite* and *Prairie*, particularly the former, have already won for themselves a record for bravery and coolness in action which the regular marines may well envy. The naval militia is composed of young men, many of whom have been accustomed to lives of luxury, while few of them are used to hard work or rough, out-of-door life. Many naval experts have been skeptical of the efficiency of such troops in actual service. In the recent fighting off Santiago these recruits have covered themselves with glory while occupying a very dangerous and important position, and have won warm praise from Admiral Sampson.

The *Yankee*, with its crew of naval reserves, did not come into action until the bombardment of the fortifications guarding the harbor of Santiago. Her crew had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to attack the Spaniards, and had grown impatient at the delay. The first chance came unexpectedly on the morning of June 5, when the second attack was made on the forts at the entrance to Santiago harbor. The signal was given for the ships to form in an immense crescent surrounding the mouth of the harbor. The *Yankee* taking up an exposed position near the shore batteries. Throughout the engagement she kept close in shore, fighting the batteries near the beach. The *Yankee* throughout made a fine showing, the young tars fighting like old blue-jackets, and pouring in a savage fire without interruption. Their marksmanship was besides excellent, a large percentage of their shots taking effect.

Throughout this very spirited fight the *Yankee* was within range of scores of guns, most of which were in constant action. The vessel was meanwhile kept moving at a slow speed, thus enabling her to dodge the shower of solid shot rained upon her. The battle continued for more than an hour, when the flagship, the *New York*, signaled "Cease firing." But the reserves had their fighting blood up by this time, and were in no mood to stop. Obeying the orders the *Yankee* slowly and reluctantly turned seaward from the enemy's forts, but at the same time kept up a hot fire from her stern guns. The trick enabled her, while still obeying orders, to keep up the firing for several minutes after the other ships had ceased. The firing was kept up till she was entirely out of



range. The old tars of the great battleships laughed heartily at the impudence of the smaller ship, and the officers good naturedly passed it by.

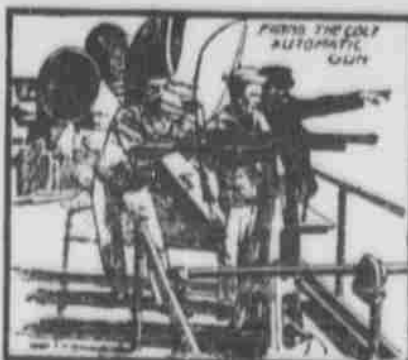
The reserves performed an important service the following day in the work of cutting the cables at Calanquera. A part of the fleet was detailed for this work, consisting of the *St. Louis*, *Marblehead* and *Yankee*, while a couple of gunboats fished up and cut the cable while the others engaged the forts. The attack was directed at the fortifications in Guantanamo bay at 5 o'clock in the morning. As in all previous engagements the fire of the Americans was most effective. The entire forces of all the forts guarding the harbor were directed on these three comparatively small boats, and the position soon became a very dangerous one. The men on the *Yankee* meanwhile returned the fire shot for shot with perfect coolness and with deadly accuracy. The gunnery of the Spaniards, it was soon noticed, was no better than on other occasions. The fortifications were soon reduced to ruins and many of the Spanish soldiers were killed. The *Yankee* meanwhile ran directly under the great forts and hammered away in a perfectly cool and business-like manner. Early in the engagement the cable operators were driven out of the cable station to the woods back of the town. With the enemy silenced it was a comparatively easy matter to fish up the cable and cut it. In the afternoon the *Yankee* returned, and entering the outer harbor took up a position near the forts and channel of the inner harbor. The audacity of the little boat in this challenging the enemy's fire won for the reserves the respect of the entire fleet.

The most effective work the *Yankee* has performed so far was in assisting in the landing of marines and establishing a landing station near Guantanamo. The spirited firing of the *Yankee* proved to be of great assistance to the troops. The naval reserves have, therefore, the honor of

striking a decisive blow at the Cuban fortifications and making possible the first invasion of the island. The work of the young marines has so favorably impressed Admiral Sampson that he dispatched the *Yankee* to combine with the *Oregon* and *Marblehead* to take the most important positions in covering the landing of the first troops in Cuba. The landing was effected on the afternoon of June 11. The shallow waters of the bay would not permit of the heavy warships approaching near enough to the land to cover the landing of troops from the Spanish soldiers who were lurking in the underbrush, so that the smaller vessels were obliged to do practically all the work. After silencing the batteries the *Yankee* and *Marblehead* moved to within a hundred yards of the shore, followed by the troopship *Panther*, carrying the landing party.

The position of the cruisers *Yankee* and *Marblehead* was a particularly dangerous one, owing to the peculiar formation of the shore.

The work of landing the marines required several hours. After several



broadside had been fired into the thick underbrush to sweep out, as it were, any stray Spaniards who might be ambushed there, the *Yankee* and *Marblehead* lowered their boats, and manning them with their best crews, started for the troopship *Panther*. The naval reserves have shown themselves quite as skilful with their oars as with their guns, and on this occasion their service with the small boats elicited very favorable comment from the flagship.

The landing party consisted of some six hundred marines from the First battalion of Brooklyn, under the command of Colonel Collier. The boats manned by the reserves carried from twelve to fifteen of these marines and their guns on each trip ashore. The brave fellows, who had been cooped up in the ships' cabins for several weeks were delighted to get ashore. Had it not been for the warlike appearance which the guns and uniforms lent to the men it might have been supposed that they were starting on a summer camping expedition, and everyone was in the best of humor. The *Yankee* sent six boats to assist in the landing, and the work was pushed rapidly. As each boat left the *Panther* the marines were cheered heartily. The boats were rowed to the shore and beached, the marines jumping into the water and dragging their high and dry up on the sand. The men eagerly jumped ashore, unloaded their outfits, and the boats, without losing a minute put off again for the troopship.

The party was under fire during the landing, but the marksmanship of the Spaniards was, as usual, exceedingly bad, and no one was hit. As the boats rowed by the reserves plied merrily along, an occasional bullet would splash in the water nearby, but this little attention from the enemy seemed only to lend a certain relish and air of excitement to the work. No one for a moment thought or suggested a retreat. As soon as a small party of the marines had been landed they formed in line of battle and advanced on some huts and a signal station standing back from the shore. These were found to be quite deserted, and almost demolished by the bombardment which the *Yankee* and *Marblehead* had administered the day before. The first work was, of course, to raise the stars and stripes above the ruined signal house. The flag pole, which was still standing, commanded an ex-



tended view of the harbor for several miles. As the flag floated gloriously above the palms a mighty cheer went up, which was answered by the marines on every ship in the harbor. Old Glory had at last been raised in Cuba to stay. The reserves had helped more than the marines of any other ship to place them there.

Indelicacy.
Miss Hansen (giving a dinner)—This wine is over forty years old. I don't (thoughtlessly)—Bottle it yourself! Pick-me-Up.

A FOX HUNT SPOILED.

Old Josh Parkens Knocked Reynard Over With His Gun.

When the swell riding club from the city went away up into Galoon township to ride to hounds, and incidentally follow the course of the fox, it arranged with old Josh Parkens to provide the fox, says the *Detroit Free Press*. He was offered liberal pay for attending to this preliminary, but he declared that he was something of a fox chaser himself, and would call it square if they'd let him "fine" in the sport. There was no good reason to offer for barring him, and the committee satisfied its conscience by telling him to be on hand half an hour later than the time really fixed for making the cross-country dash. Sure enough, the hounds were giving tongue, and the ladies and gentlemen in their gay attire were just beginning to form a procession which grows from the bunch in which they start, when old Josh burst with a whoop from a thicket on the side. He was on a rawboned mount that had a wonderful gift of shuffling over the ground, and he carried a six-foot rifle of the olden times. He went after the fox at an angle that compelled it to cover about two rods to his one, and before the riders could prevent he had ended the sport by putting an ounce of lead through the game. There were some vigorous protests against this mode of fox hunting, which put a stop to the fun just as it commenced, but John only said: "What was them city swell huntin' a fox for if it wasn't to git 'im. I knocked him over cold afore all them women folks, and other fellers was jealous. Every one of 'em had gone huntin' without his gun. I never see nuthin' like it since I was born."

VALUE OF THE EVENING PAPER.

News Comes When Business Men Have Time to Enjoy It.

The value of the evening newspaper is not exhausted when it has given the news of the hour, or has helped the business man over the tedium of travel from his office to his home, says the *Boston Transcript*. Copies are seldom found littering the seats of steam or electric cars, as it is taken to the household for perusal by the whole family. Of course the evening is the time when it can be most thoroughly read and discussed. Moreover, so rapid has become every medium of intelligence from world's end to world's end that the evening paper is more favorably circumstanced than its morning contemporaries for keeping pace with the genuine news of each day. The facilities for extracting the best essence of the world's history for the day and the world's thought upon passing events have been brought to such a high state of development that it is enabled to keep even pace with daily events, furnishing a brief resume of such morning news as may have been expanded by other sheets beyond real value and keeping the record clear and unbroken. When it takes its readers into its confidence it is at a time when the cares and worries of business have been put aside for the day, or if not it helps to put them aside and enables the reader to keep in leisurely touch, not only with the current news, but with art and literature and those other larger and deeper interests of life for which most busy people have small inclination as they are about to slunge into the work of the day.

Always a Patriot.

Commodore Schley was a midshipman on the *Niagara* at the time Fort Sumter was fired on. When the vessel reached Boston the captain said to the officers: "Gentlemen, we have come to the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again, and some of us will die in doing what we believe to be right. No oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, but on that table, lying upon the flag, I have written out the old oath of allegiance and signed. The oath is binding to the death on me, and I hope it is on you. Let each of you go to his cabin and think it over; then let him come back here and sign below me, or let him go." When the captain looked at the names he saw among them that of Midshipman Schley. "You signed, Winkle?" he asked. "Aye, aye, sir," was the reply. "Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, you know." "God bless you, boy," exclaimed the old man. "Your father and I fought side by side as lads in 1812, and while there are some of us who are now going away, I prayed God your father's son would stick to us."

Is Captain Sigbee Forgotten?

The President and Congress have been prompt and profuse in extending thanks to officers of the army and navy for deeds of conspicuous bravery in action. No mention, however, has been made thus far of the magnetic act of Captain Sigbee after the wrecking of his beautiful battleship. A man who went through the ordeal that so suddenly faced him without losing his head or his judgment, is a hero of the first water. His injunction, "Suspend judgment till facts are known," was most potent as calming the outburst of popular indignation. It accomplished more than a presidential proclamation or an act of congress. This single sentence halted and held for many days the criticism of the enlightened world. Are there no thanks left for this remarkably cool-headed officer? He was exonerated from blame for the loss of his ship, and this constitutes his sole recognition.

Unprecedented.

Twyn—There is something very odd about this invention of Bunting's. Triplet—What is odd about it? Twyn—He does not claim that it will revolutionize the whole industrial world.—*Detroit Free Press*

WEST INDIAN TRADE.

CANADA ANXIOUS FOR HER SHARE OF IT.

Purchase of an Immense Amount of the Products of Our Northern Neighbors—Benefits of a Strong Government Will Soon Be Felt in Cuba and Porto Rico.

Montreal Correspondence: That no one lives to himself alone is a truth as applicable to nations as individuals. The interests of different communities and states are so interwoven with and dependent upon those of each other, that none is exempt from the effects, more or less remote, of the good or bad fortunes of its neighbors. Apart from the desire to see peace restored, because war is at all times and in all places an undesirable state, Canada has to some extent a direct material interest in the condition of the Spanish West Indies. The people of these islands have been in the past customers of Canada, and Canadians wish to continue those relations and broaden their field as time passes. Although not extensive, this trade contains possibilities of considerable development, for in its character it is very similar to that carried on with the British West Indies, whose increase is now looked forward to. In 1897 Canada's total trade with the Spanish West Indies amounted to \$1,670,412, of which our exports to those islands contributed \$1,135,412. During the same period Canada sold to the British West Indies to the amount of \$1,445,449. The class of goods exported are very similar in both trades. The Spanish islands bought \$916,993 worth of fish and fish products; wood and manufactures thereof, \$93,300; vegetables, \$114,743, of which all but \$543 was for potatoes. The export of breadstuffs amounted to only \$611, and provisions, such as butter, bacon, etc., to only \$547. These made up the bulk of Canada's sales to the Spanish Indies. To the British Indies Canada sold about the same amount of fish, but here there was a great increase in the sale of breadstuffs, which went up to \$117,000. The sale of provisions amounted to \$29,525; wood and manufactures of to \$151,975; vegetables to \$49,812, and animals to \$17,945. The conditions which have prevailed in Cuba during the past eight years have been the very reverse of those under which a people prosper. Guerilla warfare has been waging, crops have been destroyed and labor largely unemployed. The people have not been in a condition to buy from their neighbors. With the return of peace, the establishment of a government that can govern and the maintenance of law and order throughout the island, Cuba will recover and her trade increase. Canada should share in that increase by finding there a larger market especially for fish, lumber and breadstuffs, and possibly for manufactures. By bringing the British West Indies within the scope of Canada's preferential tariff an attempt has been made to foster Canadian trade in that quarter. While the attention of our commerce is being turned in that direction, it may be found possible to further develop trade with those islands which are now practically lost to Spain.

CITY MAN AS A RECRUIT.

Examinations Show He Lacks the Physique of the Country Lad.

The numerous discussions bearing on the physical degeneration of the average up-to-date American citizen have recently had a very practical demonstration of fact in the number of rejections for unfitness for military service, as the result of test examinations of recruits. Lieut.-Col. Mans, U. S. A., who has charge of the enlisting bureau, found that it was necessary to examine 17,000 applicants in order to obtain 12,000 who were fit for field duty. The results show in the main that the ordinary militiaman is by no means up to the requirements of a first-class soldier. In other words, it would appear that the best is done with the material at hand. The influence of city life in causing a lack of physical development and vital power are plainly manifested in contrasting the number of acceptances from country regiments as compared with those from the large cities. It has long been admitted that the best blood comes to us from the rural districts, where healthful surroundings, outdoor life, and moderate living make the sum and substance of that vital resistance to degenerative influences which is capable of meeting all the ordinary strains of modern civilization. This is one reason why the country lad makes his mark and succeeds where the city-bred youngster fails. In a generation or two the conserving influences of city life tell in an unmistakable way upon the physical development of the sturdy yeoman, who then becomes narrow-chested, weak-kneed, short-sighted, and is no longer in the fore in the race. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the alarming proportion of rejections in city regiments, to which reference has been made. From such a point of view it is quite evident that the city man is losing his physical grip, for reasons obvious to all who study his habits and note the ultimately pernicious influences of his depressing environment.—*Medical Record*.

Spotted It.

The facetious boarder had the train all laid for a killing joke. "It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen feathers and all." "The next time," said the landlady, with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her up bill and all." And the joke was ruined.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

WHEN ICE CREAM KILLS.

Dr. Koch Says the Vanilla Flavoring Does the Poisoning.

That ill wind, yet so precious, which blows the summer resort keeper's ruin has so far forestalled the annual tragedy styled ice-cream poisoning en masse. Either it has not been hot enough to make people eat ice cream to excess or the ice-cream makers, not being overburdened with orders, are this year, more careful in preparing their goods. The great Dr. Koch, in Berlin, has recently given to the subject of ice-cream poisoning his special attention, and his conclusions are here set down for the benefit of our readers: First, says Dr. Koch, the ice is not to blame—not in properly made ice cream, at least—for ice-cream makers who understand their business guard against particles of ice getting into the cream. If knots of ice are found in the cream they consist of small quantities of water contained in the mass and frozen during the process. Perhaps it would be just as well not to eat them, not only on account of the bacilli they may contain, but because of the shock they are liable to give to a delicate stomach. And right here I would warn people against eating raw ice or drinking ice dissolved in water. Unless the water was filtered before it became ice it may bring death to the consumer, for all sorts of germs hide in frozen water. Koch has analyzed the highest and the cheapest grades of vanilla, and has found in the latter an oily liquid which, when brought into contact with the mucous membranes of the body, caused tremendous irritation and affected the kidneys to a dangerous degree. This was tried on a dog, of course. Professor Koch is certain that the oily substance does the business, but cannot make out why it acts in ice cream and not in chocolate or in puddings or in tea. He is going to investigate, though. He thinks the heat of cooking may paralyze the dangerous qualities of that particular oil, while the cold increases them. Ice cream dealers in this city, to whom Professor Koch's analysis has been submitted, are willing to concede that vanilla, heretofore thought harmless, may be a murderous wretch after all, but add the significant information that little vanilla is used in making ice cream, the aroma of vanilla being produced artificially, and this product, "vanillin," employed almost exclusively in the making of vanilla ice cream. The substitute is gained by treating coniferous, a substance found in the seeds of pine and cedar trees, with sulphuric acid and chromate acid potash, all of them poisons of the first rank.—*New York Press*.

Good Dog.

A dog story of the kind that every one likes to read, and no dog-lover finds any difficulty in believing, is related by a lady correspondent of the *Dog Fancier*. The animal in question was a brown and white cocker spaniel named Hector. On one occasion my husband was taken very ill in the night, and as morning came I saw that he would be unable to go to his office. I knew that I must convey the information to his brother, who is his assistant in his business, as early as possible. Now this brother was very fond of the dog, and at his house the family often had, at breakfast, a certain kind of Indian cake which Hector was very fond of. Regularly every morning, as soon as he was let out of doors, he would steer straight for the house, that he might wheedle them into giving him his beloved cake. On this particular morning I called him to me, and told him his master was sick, and I was going to send him to the express office to tell Uncle George. He was very fond of carrying parcels in his mouth; but for fear of some other dog's confiscating the note, I said to him: "I am going to pin this paper to your collar, so you won't lose it, and now this morning you must not go after your cake; but I want you to go straight to the office, and go to Uncle George, and ask him to take this note from your collar." He looked at me, drinking in every word. I let him out, and went to a window, from which I could see the office, to note what he would do. The office is in exactly an opposite direction from the house of the cake. Straight on toward the office went the faithful dog, and when he passed the corner, where the roads diverge, he gave one longing look up the street, but never stopped, and I saw him put up a paw and knock at the office door, and he admitted. My husband's brother told us that he came straight up to him, and turned himself round, to have the note taken off his collar, and seemed delighted to think all our plans had been so well carried out.

Secret of the Siphon Bottle.

A siphon bottle is the product of two distinct operations. The bottles are produced by the glass manufacturers and bottlemakers, and by them handed over to manufacturers of the metal top. The manner of the adjustment of the top to the bottle and the class of machinery necessary to accomplish the same the French makers maintain rigorously secret. Recent efforts by American consuls to obtain admission to the manufacturing were invariably fruitless.

Similarity.

"Some of these summer young men," remarked Miss Cayenne pensively, "remind me of Dresden china." "Because they are beautiful?" "Yes; and they get broke so easily."—*Washington Star*.

Hard to Collect.

"Beggars, an' it's hard to collect money these days." "Is it you bin tryin' to collect some, Mr. Murphy?" "Borry a cent; but there's plenty tryin' to collect some from me."—*Modern Society*.

CHASING WILD FIRE.

A BANKER'S VIEWS OF SPOOKS AND VISIONS.

Wee Unto Him Who Starts in Pursuit of the Dancing Igis Fatens Produced by the Hypnotist—A Strange Fire That Fascinates Dreamers.

By a Banker: Amongst the natural phenomena which, so far, have not been satisfactorily explained by scientists, and even at this day of advanced knowledge remain an unsolved mystery, is the strange lambent flame which hovers over church-yards, marshes and undrained swamps, scientifically known as *ignis fatuus*, and popularly termed *Will o' the Wisp*, *Jack o' Lantern*, and other fanciful names.

This strange fire, if that can be called a fire which does not burn—varies very much in appearance. Sometimes it presents the aspect of a ball of fire dancing and rolling about over the marsh in playful glee, now and again, perhaps when striking against a shrub or other obstruction, scattering a shower of smaller balls, which in turn would dance and play about, not necessarily, however, in the wake of the parent ball, which continues its wayward career, now shining with a fiery red light, now changing into a yellow or amber, then fading into an undefined greenish tint, to burst out again into a purple haze, the erratic illumination at length, perhaps, after gamboling about in quite frolicsome mood, ascending high up in the air until it is lost to view. And sometimes the mock flame presents a more weird and ghastly appearance. The belated wayfarer, who is traversing a low-lying church-yard at "the witching hour of midnight" sees, at short distance from him, a spectral presence hovering about the tombs, which his terrified imagination immediately regards as a disembodied spirit, a veritable ghost. The phantom apparition faintly shines with a quivering sort of lambent flame, sometimes slowly receding, sometimes advancing, the frightened nerves of the terror-struck wayfarer exaggerating the barlume illumined column into a menacing ghoul escaped from the place of punishment, and seeking in vain for the mortal remains of its former fleshy habitation, and, resenting his intrusion, momentarily intending to seize and carry him off to some terrible inferno. With palpitating heart he flees away, stumbling over tombs, until perhaps at length in the darkness he plunges into an open grave and is discovered the next morning by the grave-diggers in a pitiable plight, and gradually recovering from the horror of his abrupt terror. And all this because he is so utterly simple and witless as to believe that there are such things as "ghosts," and to imagine that it would be permitted that lost souls should be allowed a respite from the place of punishment in order to frighten a few silly girls or intellectually weak men. For we may be quite certain that souls in Paradise, even if they had the power, would not wish to do so, and would prefer the glories of the third heaven to masquerading in a sheet in an obscure village church-yard at dead of night. It is, however, unquestioned that sorcerers from the very earliest ages have had the occult (and Divinely forbidden) power, by means of what is now called hypnotism, of making, even a number of persons congregated together, believe that they can see objects which have no real existence, and can even in some cases compel persons to believe that they have seen a "ghost." Some of the marvelous tricks of Indian jugglers appear to be produced by this agency, as the detective camera, which cannot be hypnotized, inconceivably proves that the extraordinary events which we believe we have seen with our very eyes did not take place, but were only an hallucination produced by the wizard's hypnotic power. Sometimes, in the gloaming, the *ignis fatuus* playing about at the edge of a morass is a strikingly attractive spectacle, but was to him who attempts to pursue one of the dancing fairies, for it will probably lead him into the morass, into which he may sink deeper and deeper down, the more he struggles, the quicker his living entombment! And just so it is with the silly youth who, in the pursuit of the so-called pleasure, finds himself sinking deeper and deeper into the miry morass of sin, whence the only possible means of rescue is by laying hold of the hand of Him who has atoned for those sins. If he refuse or neglect to do this the horrible pit must shut her mouth upon him for ever!

New Novelty in Woman's Dress.

The new woman's latest novelty in jewelry is a set of gold shirt waist studs, three in number, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The studs are connected by a strip of silver, inside the shirt bosom. The watch is wound up by turning the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one below.

He Got There.

His Wife—"Now you won't forget any of those things I asked you to bring home?" The Suburbanite (doubtfully)—"I hope not. Suppose you give me sealed orders, not to be opened till I reach New York."—*Brooklyn Life*.

The Proper Place.

Query Editor—"The writer wants to know where the person with the wedding ring should be." Managing Editor (a confirmed bachelor)—"Just in the penitentiary."—*Jewellers' Weekly*.